

Eleanor Thompson.



GEORGE AND HIS DOG

THE

LITTLE SCHOLAR LEARNING TO TALK:

A PICTURE BOOK FOR ROLLO.

BY THE REV. JACOB ABBOTT,
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INSTRUCTIONS NECESSARY TO BE READ BY PARENTS.

THESE little stories about pictures are mainly intended to be read by a mother, or by one of the older children, to a little one who is learning to talk. Their design is to interest and amuse the child, and at the same time to teach it the use of language and the meaning of words. To the individual who shall read them, I have three directions to give.

- 1. Act out all the motions described. For instance, begin the first story when the child is away at play, and let the first sentence be the summons to you, taking care in this and all similar instances to use the *real* name of the child. Point at all the parts of the picture which are described; and in fine, in every case, suit the action to the word.
- 2. Read distinctly and with all the natural tones, and in the manner of conversation. Do this so completely that the child cannot tell whether you are reading or talking. Read "No indeed," and "Oh, no," and "Come, quick, quick," &c., with the ardour of emphasis which is natural to childhood. In a word, talk it off to them, with inflexions and tones exceedingly varied and emphatic.

A great many words are purposely introduced which the child cannot be supposed to understand, but the connexion explains them. To teach language thus is one great object of the book. These words are generally printed in italics. They should be read very distinctly and emphatically, and sometimes paused upon, so that the child may ask questions upon them if he pleases. You will be amused at hearing him introduce them into his own conversation often, if he once understands them in the lesson.

3. Do not confine yourself to what is written. Wait patiently for an answer to all questions; make additional remarks yourselves; when the

child is interested, let him look at the picture as long as he will. He will ask you a question sometimes after a long pause, which will be exceedingly interesting. Let your object be to arouse and concentrate his powers, to awaken his curiosity, and to fix his attention. Let him in fact lead and guide the exercise.

The above directions are all that are necessary in regard to the reading of the lessons. A word as to the general use of the book.

It is bound in a substantial manner, so that it may be given to the child sometimes when nobody is at leisure to attend to him. With a little effort you can teach him to use it as gently and carefully as you would yourself. Watch him a moment, and if he begin to use it roughly, take it immediately away, and do not let him have it again for some hours. Never mind his crying. A few firm, decided experiments of this kind will teach him such habits as will make the book as safe in his hands as it would be in yours. It will be a great source of amusement and occupation to him to turn over the leaves and tell the stories to himself.

Do not let him have it too often, however, so as to lead him to treat it with contempt; and, above all, never let him have it for crying, nor for stopping crying. The regular way in which some children get their wishes is to begin to cry, and then have their parents tell them that they cannot have what they want until they are good. They cry for the express purpose of getting an opportunity to stop.

A child of three or four years old can easily be taught to explain the pictures, or as he will call it, tell the stories in his own way, from memory, to a younger child. In this way his intellect, his imagination, his memory, will be cultivated; but more than this, he will be taught to be kind to his little brother or sister; he will secure a practical lesson in the happiness of doing good.

THE LITTLE SCHOLAR AT HOME.

WILLIAM, William,—come, run here—I have got some pictures to shew you. Come, and sit up in my lap, and I will shew them all to you. Do you not see what a nice book it is? It has got some good strong covers, and is full of pictures. I shall shew them all to you, but not all to-day. Perhaps, I shall let you take the book sometimes. If I do, you must be very careful of it.

FEEDING THE CHICKENS.

HERE is a picture of a little girl feeding the chickens. Little girl! Little girl, did you know that you had

left the gate open? Little girl, I say, little girl, did vou know that vou had left the gate open? She does not know what I say, she does nothear me;



she is nothing but a picture of a girl. She has come out to feed her chickens. I can see the house she lives in. Do you see it? Where is it? Touch it with your finger. It stands back among the trees. I should like to go into that little gate, and walk along under the trees, and go into that house. Who do you think lives there? I think it must be that little girl's father and mother.

She took a little wooden bowl with a handle, and has come out to feed he chickens; and the hens too. There are some large hens. One is running very fast to get some of the corn. I rather think that is corn she is feeding the hens and chickens with. Run, Biddy, run,

run, run fast, or you will lose all your corn.

Don't you see the little chickens? How many are there? You may count the chickens. Now you may count the hens. They are all picking up the corn. And there stands the great cock, too, opening his mouth to crow. He says, cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo! When it is night do you suppose those fowls go to bed, and lie down and cover themselves up with clothes and go to sleep? No, indeed; they do not do that. If you should put one of them into a bed in that way she would jump out and run away as fast as she could. What do you think the fowls do when they want to go to sleep? Why they get up on a long pole and cling to it with their long, sharp claws, and sleep there on a high pole. This is called roosting. Do you think you could sleep on a high pole?

I can see a beautiful little house in the picture, and that is on a high pole. It is for little birds to live in. The birds are flying all about it. How many birds can you see? What kind of birds do you think they are? They are pigeons. Pigeons live in houses like that at the top of a pole.

THE DOG IN THE WATER.

Do you see that little girl who has fallen into the water? You may touch her with your finger. Poor little girl! She was playing on the bank and fell in. Don't you see that large black dog? He is in the water too. Don't you see? His legs are down under the water. His back is out of the water. His legs look faint. His back looks distinct. The reason why his legs look faint is because they are under the water, and we cannot see them

very plain.
Do you know
why he is in
the water?
He jumped
in to pull out
that little girl.
He is biting
hold of her
clothes to
pull her out.



He will not bite the little girl. Oh no, he will be careful and not bite the little girl. He loves the little girl, and wants to pull her out of the water. He is a kind dog. He is a good, kind, black dog. You must not be afraid of a dog when you see one. He will not bite you. No, indeed. Perhaps he will pull you out of the water if you fall in. I think if you should see a dog, and if you should have some bread and butter, you had better give him a little piece. Dogs like bread.

See the little girl's mother. She is very much frigh-

tened because her little girl has fallen in.

I see three little birds in the picture. Can you see them?

THE GREAT BLACK BEAR.

SHALL I
tell you
about the
next picture? Do
you see this
great bear?
Heisa great
black bear.
What do you
think that
thing is on
his nose? It



is a muzzle. Do you know what it is for? It is to keep his mouth so shut that he cannot bite. Should you think he could bite with a muzzle round his mouth? It is tied on with a string, so that it cannot slip off, and while it is on he cannot bite. Bears live in the woods. They go growling about in the woods a great many hundred miles from here.

They caught this bear in the woods and tamed him. Do you see that thing on his back? What is it? It is a monkey. He is dressed up like man to make him look droll.

Do you see that boy and girl looking out at the gate? Perhaps the tall one is meant for a lady. It may be the little girl's mother. Do you think it is a lady or a boy? Why?

That little girl's name is Lucy. Lucy, don't be a-fraid. The bear and the monkey cannot hurt you. Don't you see the man has the bear's mouth tied with a string?

What has that man on his back? That great thing. It is an organ. I see the handle. When he puts it down and turns the handle it makes beautiful music. He is going to the town which is away beyond the trees, to shew the children there the bear and the monkey, and to let them hear the music.

LITTLE ALBERT.

Did you ever catch a butterfly? Did you ever see a

butterfly? He goes flying and fluttering from one flower to another, very happy, unless some boys are chasing him. But here is a picture of little Albert and a butter-

fly.

Do you see little Albert therein the picture? I will tell you about him. I will tell you what he says. He is talking to his mother.

"Mother! mother, come quick! come and see this beautiful large butterfly! come quick, mother!"

"Where is the butterfly?" says his mother.

"Oh here he is; he is flying away; come and help

me catch him. Come quick or he will be gone."

But his mother will not come. She sits still. She turns her head round so as to see the little butterfly, but she does not want to go and catch the poor little butterfly. It would break his beautiful wings and hurt him very much to catch him in little Albert's cap. There he goes flying away. He is happy flying about among the

flowers. God made the beautiful butterfly, and we must not hurt him.

Don't you see the beautiful roses growing on the bushes by the side of Albert? Now we will read about another picture.

THE BOW AND ARROW.

Do you not see that little girl in the next picture

lying down and her brother holding her head. I will tell you what they are doing: but first I must tell you a story. It is about dangerous things.



Once a little boy came to my desk and took off a sharp penknife, and I told him to put it down, because it was a dangerous thing. He did not put it down quick, as he ought to have done, but stopped to ask me what was a dangerous thing. It was right to ask me that, but he ought not to have asked it till he had put the

knife down. In a minute I heard him cry very loud. I went to see what was the matter. He had cut his finger with the sharp, dangerous knife. The blood was coming out of his finger.

It is dangerous for little boys to have sharp knives.

The danger is that they will cut themselves.

The boy in this picture has been playing with a bow and arrow. Don't you see the sharp arrows lying on the ground? See his bow too; it is a very pretty bow. There is something lying on some of his arrows. It is to keep his arrows in. He calls it his quiver. The boy can shoot his arrows very swiftly through the air with his bow. Just now he shot an arrow, and it went almost into his sister's eye. It hurt her very much, and she fell down. He is trying to find the place ?—LITTLE BOY, I say; can you find the place? He does not answer. He can't speak. He is nothing but the picture of a boy.

GUNPOWDER.

DID you ever see any powder? Sometimes they call it gunpowder. It is black. It looks a little like black sand. But powder is a very wonderful thing. I will tell you why. If I should take a little powder and put it upon a shovel, and then put a very little fire to it;—FLASH it would go,—blazing up quick and high;—

FLASH; and if I was not very careful it would burn me. If I had some powder I would shew you how; but I should not give you any for fear you would burn yourself with it. It is a very dangerous thing. Perhaps you would cry for it. Do you think you should? If you should, I should not give it to you. It would be wrong for me to give you anything because you cried for it. Here is a picture about powder. Don't you see it

flashing, blazing up. There are some boys; they have been playing with powder. They are bad boys; their mother told them they must not play



with powder, for they would get hurt; but they did not obey her. They went away out into the wood?-do you see the trees there? Well, they went out into the wood, where there mother could not see them, and played with the powder. They were bad boys; they disobeyed their mother. The powder exploded; it flashed in their faces; and burnt their eyes. Do you see the smoke? and see!

one of the boys has put his hands up to his face, because it has burnt him; and there is another boy lying upon the ground. Poor boy, I am afraid he is very much hurt; perhaps it has put his eyes out, so that he will never see again. Poor boys, if they had done as their mother told them, they would not have been burnt so. But they were bad boys; they disobeyed their mother, and now you see how they are punished.

THE HURT BUTTERFLY.

Do you remember that we have had one picture about a butterfly? Did the boy catch him? He wanted his mother to come and help catch him. Did she go? Why not?

Here is another picture, and what do you think it is about?

Old lady, what is that little thing lying down upon the bank? Old lady,—what is it?—Oh I



know what it is. It is a butterfly. A little butterfly, with four wings and a *great many* legs, though you cannot see them very well, he is so small. Should you like

me to tell you all about him? Well, I will.

Do you see those beautiful flowers behind the lady? They are growing on a tall stem leaning a little over backwards. Well, that little butterfly was flying along, among the trees and flowers as happy as a little butterfly could be. He would stop on the flowers to suck up the sweet juices for his breakfast, and thus he flew about from bank to bank, and from flower to flower. Just then this boy, whose name is Robin, and Lucy, his sister, came out into the garden to play. They live in that great white house behind the trees. We will turn back to the picture and see the great white house.

Now we will read on. They lived in this great white house and they came out into the garden to play, and Robin saw this butterfly,—flying and fluttering about. Do you know what I mean by fluttering?

Robin started off after him, crying out, "Hurrah,

let's go and catch this butterfly."

Lucy ran after him, repeating, "Hurrah, let's go and

catch this butterfly."

The butterfly flew and fluttered, and Robin ran with his cap in the air, Lucy following as fast as she could. At length the butterfly lighted one of the flowers growing on the tall stem behind the lady. We will turn

back to look at it.

"There,—he has lighted," said Robin. "Now I'll catch him." So he walked along softly on tiptoe; and he raised his cap in the air, to strike it down and catch the butterfly in it, when Lucy said, "No, Robin, I would not catch him."

But it was too late, for just as she said the words, down came the cap on the poor butterfly, in the midst of the flowers. The blow kocked off some of the flowers, and bent over the stock, and the poor butterfly was not

to be seen.

"There, you have killed him," said Lucy

Robin said nothing, but he slowly lifted up his cap, and found the poor butterfly under it, with his little head bruised, and his wing broken, and he was struggling

with pain.

Just then this good lady came along; and when she saw the children looking down at something, she came to see what it was. She said she was very sorry they had hurt the poor little butterfly. So she took him up, and put him very carefully on the bank,—and now she tells them they must leave him alone, and perhaps he will get well, and be able to fly about happy again. I should think that Robin would be sorry that he hurt the poor butterfly. We will turn back and look at him, and see if he looks sorry.

THE LITTLE BIRDS.

HERE is a picture of a lady and several children.

How many children? I do not know how many, unless I count them. There are several. I will count them, and find out exactly how many.



One, two, three, four. There are four, Exactly four. What are they all doing? I will tell you. I will begin at the beginning, and tell you the whole story.

A lady went to walk in a field with her little girl. The little girl's name was Ann. Can you find Ann in

the picture? Point to her.

She has been looking at the flowers and grass. This is the picture of the place where they met three boys.

George, the tallest boy is a bad boy. He has a great cane in his hand. He pushed open the grass with his

cane, and found bird's nest with three little birds in it.

Do you see their little heads?

George took up the nest and gave it to James. James is the smallest boy. He is very glad to have it. He wants to carry it home. He does not think it is quite right, but still he is going to carry it home.

Samuel is a good boy. He is talking to James. He tells him that the little birds have a mother who takes care of them, and brings them their breakfast and din-

ners and suppers.

How do you suppose she gets their breakfast? Why, she goes and picks up little crumbs of bread, and carries them home. She gives the crumbs to the little birds. and they are all very glad. When night comes she sits on the nest, and opens her wings over the little ones to keep them warm, while they are asleep. She loves the little birds very much. She has gone now to find them something to eat. When she comes home to the place where she left the nest, and finds that George has taken it away, she will feel very sorry, and will flutter about the place and be very much troubled. I hope Samuel will persuade James to carry the nest back. Little Ann, who is looking on, wants him to carry it back. says that God will be displeased with him; and so he will, if he does not. She says too, that the old bird will feel as his mother would, if some strong man should carry him off, so that his mother could not find him.

ANOTHER LITTLE BIRD.

Он, there is another beautiful picture with ■ little bird in it. Do you see the little bird hopping a-

long on the table? The lady is holding out her hand to him. Lady! you must not hurt that pretty little bird. You must not frighten him away.



The window is lifted up. We can see out. It is very cold out at that window. Don't you see the cold white snow on the trees and houses? It was too cold for that poor little bird, and so he came into the house. The lady will be very kind to him. I wouldn't hurt that pretty little bird; would you?

Lady, I think you had better go and get some crumbs of bread, and give them to that little bird. He likes crumbs of bread; and I think he must be hungry. You had better give him some crumbs of bread, and let him go.

THE RABBIT.

This is the picture of a rabbit; children somtimes

call him bunny.

Which do you think is the best name, rabbit or bunny?

Itiswinter. This little rabbit lives in a hole in



the ground. He dug the hole with his sharp claws. Do you see his sharp claws? Touch them with your finger. The rabbit has come out of his hole to run and leap about upon the snow. But now he has stopped running and looks frightened. What do you suppose makes him look so frightened?

He hears a noise.

Do you know what noise he hears?

Look all over the picture and see if you can find any thing which could make n noise to frighten little bunny.

It is that dog. Do you see him? He is barking, and the noise makes little bunny lift up his ears and listen.

What has that man got in his hand? It is a gun. He has come out to find something to shoot. I hope he is not going to shoot that pretty little bunny.

THE THEIVISH CAT.

A THEIVISH CAT! Did you ever hear of a theivish cat? Perhaps you do not know what *theivish* means. Well, I will tell you all about it.

This pussy's name is Grimalkin. It is a funny name for a cat,—is it not? Her name is Grimalkin. Now Grimalkin's master went a fishing. He caught his fishes in a brook, and brought them home in a basket. Can you



find the basket in the picture? Touch it with your finger. Yes, that is it. Grimalkin's master hung it up on that nail. When he brought his fishes home, he took them out of the basket and put them upon a great plate, on a table, in the back kitchen, and then hung the basket on a nail. Do you see the table, and the plate, and the nail, and the fishes, and the basket? Is

there anything else in this picture? What is it? What do you think is in that jar? It is cream. I am afraid that theirish cat will find it out and pull it over.

But I was going to tell you about that theivish cat. She saw her master carry out the fishes, and she thought she would go out and take one of them without leave. So she watched when her master was not looking, and crept softly out into the back kitchen,—then she jumped up on the table. Then she walked softly along until she came to the plate of fishes, and now she is just taking off one of the fishes.

Now do you know what a theirish cat is? What is

it? Is it right to be theivish?

FIDO IN THE WOODS.

"Dog, pretty dog, what is your name?"

"My name is Fido," says the dog.

"What are you doing out here in the woods?"

"I am looking for my master."

"Who is your master?"

"My master is a boy, and his name is George."

"Where is your master George?"

"My master George is somewhere in these woods, and I cannot find him."

"Why do you not run about and look until you find

him?"

"I have been running all about, and I cannot find him anywhere."

"Why do you not bark?"

"I have been barking till I am tired."

"Well—dog—pretty dog—I do not know what you will do, How came you and your master George out in the woods?"

"We came out to take a walk with some other boys."
And how came you to lose your master George?"

"I ran away a little into the bushes to catch a little bird, and when I went back into the path he was gone, and I could not find him."

"I am sorry you went away after the little birds.

You ought to have kept near your master George. I do not know what you will do."

Fido has got something round his neck. Do you know what it is? It is a collar. There is a little ring at the lower side of it. The ring is so small you can hardly see it. When it is



night, they take Fido and put a chain into that little ring and fasten him, to keep him from running away.

THE DUCKS IN THE WATER.

Drb you ever see any ducks? They say Quack, quack, quack. They can run upon the ground, and they can swim upon the water. They love to swim upon the water.

Here is the picture of a pond of water, with two

ducks swimming upon it.

Can
you see
the two
ducks?
Point to
them.
How
many
are
there?
Should
you like



to be out upon that water, where the ducks are? No; I am afraid you would sink down into the water, and be drowned.

There is a boat upon the shore of the pond. People get into the boat and sail about on the water. Do you see the long things that look like poles lying across the

boat? They are not poles; they are oars. The men put one end of the oars into the water, and take hold of the other end, and pull the boat along by them. The two men that came in the boat are standing down by the water, among the bushes, with fishing rods in their hands. By-and-by they will get into the boat and sail away beautifully over the smooth water.

I can see a row of great trees across the water. Can you see them? How many are there? There are nine.

Nine great trees all in a row.

Under the last one is little man standing near the water among the bushes. Do you think he sees the ducks?

THE BEEHIVE.

Do you know what this is? It is a beehive. It is a little house for bees to live in. Do you see the little hole where they go in?

I can see the hole and



several bees flying about. The bees must have a house to live in, but they cannot make a house, and so men make a house for them. When men do not make a house for them they go out into the woods, and find a hollow tree and live in that.

The largest hive is a beautiful one. It is made of straw twisted and braided together, and there is a beautiful roof over it, to keep off the rain. It is placed too on a stand. Is the stand round or square? How many legs has it? I can see three. Do you think there are any more?

Do you know how the bees get their honey? They suck up the sweet juice out of the flowers, and carry it home and make honey of it. Honey is very sweet and good.

That boy and girl have come out to look at the bees. They must not hurt them, if they do they will get stung.

DRIVING HOOPS.

VERY small boys cannot drive hoops. They cannot

run fast enough, and their hoops tumble down.

Here are three boys driving hoops. I will tell you their names.



Here is one boy in front running very fast, and holding his stick high in the air. He is going to strike his hoop hard, and make it go very fast. He has a cap on his head, the other two boys have hats. He is holding out his left hand, and striking his hoop with his right hand. Which is your left hand? Which is your right hand? What do you think that boy's name is? His name is Roger.

Do you see the next largest boy? Which is it? He is smaller. He cannot drive his hoop so well. He is trying to push it along with his stick. That is not the way to drive a hoop. He ought to strike it; but he is a small boy, and is doing as well as he can. His name is John. Roger! Roger! I think you had better stop

for little John: he cannot keep up with you.

There is another little boy in the picture with a frock on; it is little Benjamin. He stands still, looking at Roger. He is tired. He has been trying to trundle his hoop, but he cannot do it very well, and he is tired; so he has stopped to rest and to look at Roger. He wishes that he was so large a boy as Roger, so that he could drive a hoop fast. Come, little Benjamin, you have rested enough. Drive away.

THE BABY.

Ann has a little brother. He is a baby. She loves to sit on the carpet with him, and to play with him. One

day he lost his rattle; she looked under the stools, and in the cradle, and behind the rocking chair, and behind

the door, but she could not find it.

Where is the rattle? Where is baby's rattle? Oh, here it is in mother's basket. Ann was very glad to find it. She carried it to her little brother who played with it great while.

Here is a picture of Ann's little brother lying in the

cradle.

His mother is kneeling down by the cradle rocking him to sleep. She holds up her finger and says, "Walk softly, Ann." Ann will not wake up her baby brother. O no indeed.



She will take her little stool and sit down by the cradle. She can rock it when mother goes away. And she will wait *patiently* till her little brother wakes up, and then if he wants to play, she will find him his rattle

again or roll him the ball, or give him her doll, that he

may put his finger on her black eyes.

When Ann's little brother sits on the carpet, she takes care of him. If she should snatch away his piece of cake she would be a bad girl. If she should make him tumble over, she would be a bad girl. If she were to pull away his stick, or strike him, she would be a bad girl. But she does not do any of these naughty things. She is always kind to her little baby brother.

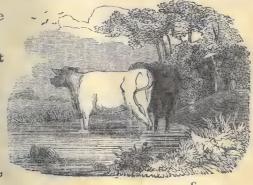
COWS IN THE WATER.

THERE are two cows standing in the water. "Cow, cow, why do you stand there, with your feet in the water?"

"Because it is cool, and shady, and pleasant here."

"Where have you been all day?"

have been in the fields,



eating the grass, till the sun was high, and it became so warm that we could not stay any longer. So we thought we would come here to drink, and to stand in the water. It is very cool and pleasant here in the water."

"That is a very good plan, cow. But it seems to me, you are holding up your tail, and whisking it about.

Why do you whisk your long tail about so?"

"To brush off the flies."
"Do the flies hurt you?"

"Yes, they bite us, and we swing our tails about on our sides and on our backs, to brush them off."

"Is that what your long tail is for?"

"Yes, that is what our long tails are for."

"Well, cow, how many eyes have you got? I can only see one eye."

"Oh! but one eye is on the other side."

"And what do you have one eye on one side, and one on the other for?"

"Oh! so that we can see when the dogs come to

trouble us."

"Do the dogs trouble you, cow?"

"Yes. The dogs come barking about us sometimes.

But we run after them and frighten them away."

There are two ladies standing on the bank. They have been to take a walk. One lady has something in her hand. What do you think it is? It looks like a parasol.

That black cow is looking at the ladies as if she was afraid of them. But don't you be afraid, black cow; they won't hurt you.

JOHN, JAMES, AND HARRY.

ONCE there were three boys, named John, James, and Harry. Do you see John, James, and Harry? Their fathers gave them some kites; and they thought they would go out into the fields and fly their kites. Do you see their kites? John stood up to fly his kite. Do you see John standing up? Touch him.

James sat down to fly his kite. Do you see James

sitting down to fly his kite? Touch him.

Harry's kite wanted fixing, so he stooped down to fix it. Do you see Harry stooping down to fix his kite?

James's kite was high in the air. Touch his kite. His kite had a long tail. Touch its tail.

John's kite was high in the air too.



Touch John's kite. It had a long tail too. Touch its tail. John's kite's tail had a tassel at the end of it.

Touch the tassel.

Harry's kite was down in his lap. Touch Harry's kite. It had a long tail too, lying curled along the ground. Touch the tail curling along upon the ground. Harry's kite had a beautiful star upon it too. Touch the star. It had two circles upon it too. Touch the circles.

Touch James's ball of twine. Touch John's ball of

twine. The twine is wound upon sticks.

I can see the house a great way off, where John, James, and Harry live. Can you see the house?

Touch the house. There are trees all around it.

I wonder how long John, James, and Harry will stay out, flying their kites? Perhaps their father will come to the door pretty soon, and call,—"James! John! Harry! I want you to come in!" Then John, James, and Harry will take their kites, and run quick to know what their father wants. Good boys always run quick when they are called.

THE COTTAGE.

This is a picture of a cottage. A cottage is a small house. I think this is a beautiful cottage. It has two windows and one door, Two children live in this cottage, with their father and mother. Their father has

bought them a new book, and they have come out to sit

down and read it.

What is that hanging over their heads? It is a cage. What is that standing at the door? It is a broom. Children, you ought not to have left the broom there in the doorway. That is not the place for the broom. The little



boy has been riding the broom around the yard. He called it his horse. And now he has got a new book, he has put the broom in the doorway, instead of carrying it in, and putting it in its place, as he ought to do. Little boy you had better go and put the broom back in its place, where it belongs, and then come and read your book.

Now, I will tell you the difference between good children and bad children, when they have a new book. I will tell you what good children do, when they get a new

book, and what bad children do.

Good children take their book and go together and sit down somewhere, pleasantly, and read it, and look at the pictures. Each one waits until the other has seen a picture as much as he wants, and then they turn over a new leaf. They talk about the pictures too, and en-

joy the book together.

But bad children do not do so. They begin to quarrel for the book. They pull it away from one another. And they scream and cry, and their father or mother has to come and take it away from them. Now I want you to look at this picture, and tell me whether you think these children are good children or bad children.

THE THREE EGGS.

Here is a branch of a tree. A branch did I say? Is it one branch, or two branches? There are two branches, and both branches are covered with leaves.

What is that in the middle of the branches? It is a bird's nest, with some eggs in it. How many eggs? You may count them. It seems to me that I remember something about another bird's nest in this book. Was there not a picture of another bird's next? We will turn back and see if we can find it.

What was in that other bird's nest? Birds. And what

is in this bird's nest? Eggs. How many birds were there in the other nest? Three are there in this nest? Three.

Do you know what there is in those little white eggs? Why there is something there which turns into birds. The large bird sits upon the eggs, and keeps them warm; and, by-and-by, after a great many days, a little bird, a very little bird, begins to grow inside of the egg. A little bill begins to grow, and little wings, and two little claws. After a while, the little bird in the egg begins to be strong, and he taps with his bill upon the shell, and breaks it open and creeps out.

Then what do you think the old birds do with the broken egg-shell? What would you do with it if you were they? I will tell you what they do. They take up the old shells and throw them away out of the nest. Then they have nothing but three little birds in the

nest.

There are generally two large birds to every nest, and three or four little ones. When the little ones have grown up, they fly away, and make nests for themselves.

I wonder why the old birds have not built their nest up in a tree. Why didn't they make it on the ground? I have seen birds nests down upon the ground, but generally they are up high on a tree. What do you suppose is the reason they are generally up high on a tree? I think I know why the birds build them up

high on a tree. I think they put them up high, so that they may be out of the way of mischievous boys. I know some naughty boys who like to go and steal the bird's nests with the little birds in them. Some day, when the old birds have gone away to get something for the little birds to eat, the naughty boy comes and steals the nest, and carries it away to play with. He thinks he has got a very pretty plaything. But presently the old birds come home, and they come flying about to find the nest; but the naughty boy has carried the nest away to play with, and the poor birds have lost the nest and all the pretty little birds. The poor birds feel very sorry. They have to go and make another nest, and they build it up high, so that the naughty boys cannot reach it.

THE HOOP.

ONCE there was a little boy named Frank, and he had a lage straw hat. One day he thought he would go out and drive his hoop. So he put his straw hat on his round curly head, and went out to drive his hoop.

There was a beautiful garden near the house. There was a gardener in the garden. Do you see the gardener? I see his head there, among the trees. Touch his head.

Well, as Frank was driving his hoop down a little hill, it went into the water. Do you see the hoop rolling down the hill? There it goes. It is almost in the

water. Frank, if you don't take care, you will go into

the water
too. You
must be
careful not
to fall into
the water.
You had
better let
your hoop
run into the
water, and
then it will
float; and



you can take your stick and draw it out again.

If you should drop a knife, or a pair of scissors, or any thing made of iron, into the water, it would sink. It would not float. But if you should drop a stick, or a hoop, or anything made of wood, into the water, it would float on the top of the water.

When you take your hoop out of the water, Frank, you must lay it in the sun; the sun will dry it, so that

you can play with it again in a little while.

Can you think of any things which would sink, if you

should drop them into the water?

Can you think of any things which would float, if you should drop them into the water?

What form is the hoop?

Can you think of anything else that is round? What should you think was the shape of the hat?

Does it look round in the picture? Do you think it is really round?

Where is your hat? Go see if you can find it. Oh! there it is, hanging up on the nail. You were a good boy, to hang it up on the nail. Now put your hat on your head, and we will go and see if we can find a hoop anywhere, and then we can drive a hoop like Frank.

GEORGE AND HIS DOG.

DID you look at the picture at the beginning of this book? It is called a frontispiece. A picture on a leaf by itself, at the beginning of a book, is generally called a frontispiece. We will turn back and look at the frontispiece.

Do you not think it is a very pretty picture? Frontispieces are generally very pretty pictures. You might ask your father or your mother to shew you the frontis-

pieces, some time, in their large books.

But now I will tell you about this frontispiece. It is a picture of George and his dog. George, and his dog,

and his squirrel; I will tell you all about it.

George had a beautiful squirrel. Can you find the beautiful squirrel with his long, bushy tail hanging down? Touch his long bushy tail.

George's squirrel was kept in the garden among the trees. He was tame and would not run away. The squirrel had a very beautiful garden to live in. There were groves of trees and a fine little pond of water. Look at the picture, and try if you can see the trees, and the pond. When the squirrel was hungry, he would go out upon the trees and get some nuts; and when he was thirsty, he would run along the grass down to the edge of the pond, and there stand upon the sand and drink. He was a happy little squirrel.

Now, one day, George was playing with his hoop in another part of the garden, when he saw his dog Towzer coming to him, through the trees wagging his tail.

"Ah, Towzer," said he, "Towzer, is that you?"

Then Towzer wagged his tail more.

"Towzer, Towzer, Towzer," said George, "come here. Should not you like to go and see my squirrel, Towzer?"

Then Towzer came up close to George, and looked up in his face, and wagged his tail very much indeed.

So George knew that he wished to go.

So George walked along, holding his hoop and stick in his hand, calling Towzer, and Towzer came trotting along by his side, looking up in his face, as if he was wondering where they were going.

When Towzer got near the squirrel's part of the garden, he saw the squirrel sitting upon the top of a square stone, eating a nut. You can see him there in

the picture. When Towzer first saw him he began to bark. Then George was afraid. He was afraid that Towzer was going to bite his squirrel. So he threw down his hoop and stick upon the ground, and ran and caught hold of Towzer's neck, and said:

"No, no, Mr. Towzer, you must not bite my squirrel."

Then Towzer barked again, a little.

"No, no, Towzer, be still. You must not bark at my squirrel, either."

Then Towzer held still and looked at the squirrel.

"Ah, that is right," said George, "you may look at my squirrel as much as you please."

JANE AND PUSS.

Why, there is puss!
What a fine great puss she is! I wonder if she is a black puss. She is a black puss. She is not very black in the picture.



That little girl is going to take hold of puss's paw. Do you think she will hurt puss? No; puss sits still. The little girl is not hurting her, she is only playing with her. I wonder what the little girl's name is. Perhaps it is Jane. We will call her Jane. I should think Jane was a kind little girl. Puss does not seem afraid of her. She sits playing with Jane. Pussies are never afraid of

kind little girls and boys.

Oh! there is a little kitten playing with a ball. What a good time she has. Only give kitten something to play with, and she will be very good and not make any trouble. She likes to have a ball to play with very much. She likes a ball because she can roll it about. She only has to touch it with her paw and it goes rolling round all over the room. I wonder what kind of ball it is. I hope it is not one of Jane's balls of cotton. Oh! no; Jane keeps her cotton, and her needles, and her thimble, all in her little bag. She does not leave her things about for kitty to get hold of. I saw a kitten one playing with some knitting work. She jumped up on the table and knocked off the ball of yarn with her paw, and then she jumped down again, and began to play with the ball of yarn. She made it roll under the chairs, and under the table, and the yarn was all entangled about the legs of the table and the chairs. Pretty soon, a little girl came in, and found her knitting on the floor, and her yarn all running criss-cross

about the room, and entangled in the legs of the chairs and the table. The little girl said, "Oh, kitty, kitty, what a naughty kitty you are. You can't knit, kitty. What are you doing with my work?" She was a kind little girl, so that she did not strike the kitty, but she untangled the yarn, and wound it up upon the ball, and put her knitting in the drawer, where kitty could not get at it.

THE SPIDER'S WEB.

Do you see the spider's web up in the corner? See how that boy is gazing at it. Some boys are afraid of a spider's



web. Are you afraid of a spider's web? How can a spider's web hurt any body? Spider's do not hurt any body either. I know a boy who went out one day to swing in the barn. But he looked up in a corner,

and he saw a great many spider's webs. So he said,

"I will not go into that cobwebby place."

The way to clear away cobwebs is to take a broom with a long handle, and reach up and sweep them off. Cobwebs do not look very well in the parlor. Let me see if there are any in this room where we are. You look, too. Look all round the walls and in the corners. Do you see any? No. They are all swept away. We must have no cobwebs in the parlour, and none in the kitchen, and none in the chambers. The spiders must be kept out of the parlour, and out of the kitchen, and out of the chambers. But we will let them make their webs in the barn.

Do you know how the spiders go to work to make their webs? Look at the middle of the web in the picture. The spider begins at the middle, and he spins the little fine threads all out, every way, until he has made a great broad web. What do you think the spider's web is for? The spider catches flies in his web. The spiders eat flies. When the flies come upon the spider's web, they are caught. Their feet stick fast in the web, and then they are caught. The flies cannot walk upon the web. What do you suppose is the reason that spiders can walk upon their web, and flies cannot? I think there must be some difference in their feet. The spiders can move about very easily indeed, but the poor flies get entangled as soon as they try to

walk upon the web, and then the spiders catch the flies and eat them. I think if I were a fly, I should be very

careful to keep out of the way of spider's webs.

That little girl in the picture is afraid to go near the spider's web. What are you afraid of, little girl? Spiders will not touch little girls and boys. They only want to catch poor flies. Little girl, go up and see the spider in his web. Pretty soon somebody will come with a broom, and sweep the cobweb away.

THE FLOWERS.

THERE is a girl with a basket of flowers. What a beautiful basket of flowers she has got! she wanted to have some flowers to put upon



the mantel-piece; so she put on her shawl, and took her basket upon her arm, and went down to the meadow, and there she has found some beautiful ones. Is there anything besides flowers in the basket? Yes; there are some leaves. Leaves are green, and flowers are blue, and red, and yellow. They are not green, and red, and blue in the picture, because they could not make the colours in the picture, very well. But they

are green, and red, and blue in reality.

Which do you think are prettiest, green leaves, or blue, and red, and yellow flowers? How should you like to see a rose bush without any leaves? How would the bush look, when all the roses were gone, if there were no leaves upon it? Trees, you know, have nothing but leaves upon them. There are no flowers, generally upon large trees. Are not trees pretty? What are the leaves good for upon the trees? The leaves make the shade. When do we want to have it shady, in the summer or in the winter? In the winter we wish the sun to shine upon us, to make us warm, so we do not want to have any leaves upon the trees.

Look at the girl in the picture. How fast she is tripping along. She wants to get home quick, so as to put her flowers in some water. Flowers whither and fade

very quick, if they are not put in water.

See how the wind blows. It has almost blown the girl's shawl off. The wind bends the bushes almost to the ground. What curious looking trees those are up by the house. I never saw any trees just like those.

They are not like the trees we can see over the top of

that wall, and out behind the girl.

Oh! there is a man, just behind the tree. He is so small we did not see him. What has he got in his hands? Can you tell what it is? See, he has put it up to his mouth. He is blowing into it. It is a flute. It makes music. See how the dog looks up in his face.

The dog seems to like to hear the music.

There are some cows. One of them is resting herself upon the ground. One of them is cropping the grass, and there is another standing still. What sober faces all three of the cows have. Cows always look sober, I think. Did you ever see a cow laugh? Little boys laugh when they are happy; sometimes they laugh very loud, when they are having a good game of play out in the field. The cows have very good times eating the nice fresh grass. But the cows never laugh. How droll it would sound to hear a cow laugh. But the cows make a noise, sometimes. Do you know what kind of n noise n cow makes? Let me hear you make a noise like a cow. Can't you make a noise like a cow? Well, I will make a noise like a cow, and then you may try. This is the noise the cow makes-Moo-oo-oo! Moo-00-00! Now, you say, Moo-00-00! Moo-00-00!

TOM BADBOY.

HERE is a picture of Tom Badboy. He is riding upon

a poor goat's back. His mother told him, the other day, that he must never ride the goat. Tom, you are a very naughty boy,



not to mind your mother. And don't you know that poor goat is not strong enough to carry boys upon her back? Where is she going to carry you, Tom? Are you going up against that great, high, rocky bank?

Tom is holding on by the goat's horns. Her horns are turned back. Are the cows horns turned back? Let us find a picture of the cow, and see if her horns are turned back. No, her crooked horns are not turned

back like the goat's.

Tom has got his hat in his hand. Why don't you put your hat upon your head, Tom. How Tom's hair looks. He looks frightened. Toms always cries when his mother want's to brush and comb his hair. What a silly boy, not to want to have his hair brushed. How a little boy looks, with his hair all sticking up and flying about. Do you cry when your is brushed? You like to have your hair look smooth and nice. Tom Badboy always cries when he has his face washed.

What a boy, to cry when he has his face washed! Do you cry when your face is washed? I met Tom Badboy one day, and he had a very dirty face. I met him in the garden, chasing the goat. Poor goat! She was crying, "Ba-a-ah! ba-a-ah!" But Tom kept chasing her, and the goat kept crying, "Ba-a-ah! ba-a-ah." Tom ought not to chase and trouble the goat. Goats are pretty and kind. Some goats are black, and some

are white, and some are spotted black and white.

Shall I tell you some more about Tom? 'One day Tom went into the closet to steal a lump of sugar. reached up to the shelf, and he took down the sugarbasin, and he put in his fingers to take out a lump. But when he put in his fingers to take out a lamp, he heard a mouse come creeping along behind the dishes. Naughty Tom was very much frightened when he heard the little mouse creeping along to find his hole. And Tom was so frightened, that he let the sugar-basin fall out of his hands. The suger-basin fell upon the floor, and was broken to pieces. All the sugar was scattered upon the floor, and then naughty Tom was afraid that his mother would come in and find the sugar-basin broken, and all the sugar strewed upon the floor. Good boys are never afraid to have their mother come into the room. It is only the bad boy that is afraid to have his mother come into the room. Tom Badboy must never go into the closet to steal a lump of sugar, and

then he will not be afraid to have his mother to see him.

THE GARDEN.

HERE is a beautiful garden. What a handsome flower there is in that pot in the corner! In the left hand corner, I mean. There are several flower pots farther off, in the right hand corner. There



are a good many small pots in the middle of the picture too. Let us count the pots. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven. The children have come out to water the plants. Plants need water just as much as children do. My geraniums would all wither and die, if I should not water them sometimes. Plants must have air too. If I were to put one of my flowers in a box, and shut it up tight from the air, it would die very soon. And plants want the light too. They will not grow in a dark place.

Joseph has got a spade in his hand. Do you see Joseph? His father has given him a little piece of ground, in a part of the garden that we cannot see. It is at the back of that clump of little trees. He goes there and works in his garden a little while every day. He is very careful to clear out all the weeds and stones, and he digs up the ground about the roots of the plants, so as to make them grow well. His father gave him some seeds, and he has raised some very pretty flowers. He has been at work in his own garden, and now he has come to look at his sisters' flowers.

Joseph is not a selfish boy. He wants his sisters to have pretty flowers, as well as himself. But, Joseph, what makes you get down upon the ground? You will spoil your clothes. Harriet does not kneel upon the ground to water her flowers. It would make her cambric frock look finely, if she were to kneel down upon the ground. Careful girls and boys always try to keep their clothes neat, while they are at play. They do not like to make their mother any more trouble than is necessary.

There is n hill out there, behind the trees, where Joseph and his sisters have fine times running and sliding down in the winter. In the summer afternoons, when it is cool, and they have learned their lessons, and done their work, they go out to the hill and have a good play. In winter, when the bank is covered with snow, they can

slide. Joseph has a delightful place to play in. Should not you like to have a run in that garden.

THE GOAT, UP HIGH.

ONCE there was a boy who climbed upon the back of a chair, and tumbled down and hurt himself very much. Little children should not climb. Large boys may climb sometimes; and sailors can climb up the lofty masts of the ships; and goats can climb up the rocks and mountains.

Here is a goat, up high upon the rocks and mountains.
Should you not think he would fall? No, he will not fall. His feet are

made so as not to slip. He is very careful.

There is a lady and a child looking up to him. They have come out to take a walk, and to climb the rocks and mountains; but they cannot climb as high as the goat. Do you see the houses and the village, away

down, down, down in the valley. The lady and the child live down there, I think, in one of those houses. They must go back carefully, so as not to slip, and fall, and hurt themselves. Lady, I think you had better take hold of the little girl's hand, when you go down.

The goat has a long beard, and a short tail, and his horns turn back. Do you remember a picture in this book, of a boy riding on a goat? What was that boy's

name? Did that goat's horns turn back?

You may look, and tell me if you can find that picture.

There are some other goats in this picture.

How many? How many in all?

ANOTHER GREAT COCK.

Do you remember a picture of great cock in this

book? We will see if we scan find it.

Here is another great cock.

In this picture is a great cock, a hen, and three large chickens.



The cock is crowing. He says, cock-a-doodle-doo, cock-a-doodle-doo. The hen is picking up something from the ground. The three large chickens are listening to hear the cock crow.

Do you see the beautiful long feathers in the cock's

tail? They hang down gracefully.

There is a large hawk up in the air, flying. He is holding his head down. I think he is going to fly down. There are a great many little birds in the air too. There is a flock of little birds. When a great many little birds are flying together, we call them a flock. Some birds fly in flocks, and some fly alone.

I think the hen and chickens had better go away, or else that great hawk will come and catch them. Hawks often catch hens and chickens. The hawk is very strong and large. The one in this picture does not look very large, because he is up high in the air, a great way off; and when anything is a great way off, it does not look very large.

Once I knew a boy who took a walk on the sea shore with his father. While they were there, they saw some men getting into a boat, to sail away. The boy's father said, "Do you see those men getting into the boat?"

"Yes, father," said the boy.

"You see, too, that they are large men, and that it is a large boat?"

"Yes, father," said the boy.

"Well," said his father, "now we will watch them, and when they go away, they will appear to grow smaller and smaller, and when they are a great way off on the

water, they will look very small indeed."

So the boy and his father stood still, and watched them as they sailed away; and the boat began to look smaller and smaller, and the men began to look smaller and smaller, until at length, when the boat was II great way off, it was just as his father had said, the boat and the men seemed very small indeed.

So things always look small when they are a great way

off.

PONY POMP.

Now I am going to tell you a good long story about this pony Pomp.

Do you see that tall spire of the church in one corner



of the picture? Is it on the right hand, or on the left hand?

Well, by the side of that spire I can see the end of a house. The man who lives in that house has n boy

whose name is George. He is a good boy.

His father told him one day he was going to buy him a pony—a white pony—and that his name was pony Pomp. He bought him a saddle to put on his back, and a bridle to put on his head, and a whip to make him go. Can you see the saddle on his back? Touch it. Can you see the bridle on his head? Touch it. Can you see the whip to make him go? Touch it.

When pony Pomp came home, George thought he would go and take a ride. So he put on his flat topped cap, and took his whip in his right hand, and the bridle in his left hand, and away the pony trotted over the

fields and far away.

Do you see what George has put his foot into? It is something hanging down from the saddle. It is a *stirrup*; it is for George to put his foot into, so that he can sit firm in the saddle. There is another stirrup on the other side, for his other foot.

When George was all fixed, he rode on, over the fields and far away. At last he did not know which way to go. But presently he looked away off towards his left hand, and saw a guide-post. Do you know what guide-post is? I will tell you.

It is a tall post, standing up in the ground, with some

boards nailed across at the top. Can you see the guidepost in this picture? Touch it. Can you see the boards nailed across at the top? How many are there?

Do you know what is on these boards? There are words painted on them, telling travellers which way to go; but if they cannot read, the guide-post will do them no good.

George can read. So George rode up to the guidepost, and found out which way to go. So he had an excellent ride, and at last came home. He put his pony in the barn, and he hung up the saddle in its place, and he hung up the bridle in its place, and he hung up the whip in its place, and then he went into the house and hung up his cap in its place, and then he went into the room where his father was.

"George," said his father, "have you had a good ride

on your pony Pomp?"

"Yes, father," said George, "I have had an excellent ride, and I thank you for my pony Pomp."

THE FARMER.

THERE is a man leaning over the gate. He has got a pipe in his mouth. See the smoke coming out of his pipe. He goes puff—puff—puff. Sir, do you love to smoke? He has got mug in his hand. Pretty soon he is going to get some water to drink. It is warm day, and the man has no coat on. What has he got on his head? Is it a hat? No; it is a cap.

The man is tired, and he is stopping to rest. He has been at work upon his farm. Do you know what a farm is? It is several pieces of ground, where potatoes grow, and corn, and turnips, and onions, and cabbages. We have potatoes for din-



ner every day. The potatoes grow on a farm.

The man who stands leaning over the gate is a farmer.

He has got some potatoes growing upon his farm.

Pretty soon the farmer's potatoes will be ripe; and the farmer will call his boys to come and help him pull his potatoes out of the ground. Then the boys will get some sacks, and they will put the potatoes into the sacks.

Then the farmer will put the sacks into his cart, and ride to town to sell his potatoes. He will come and knock at the door. When we open the door we shall see the farmer with his cart full of potatoes. The farmer will say, "Do you want to buy any potatoes to-day? I have got some fine potatoes to sell."

Then we shall tell him to bring along his potatoes, and we shall have them put into the cellar. We shall pay the farmer for his potatoes. Then the farmer will

jump into his cart again, and off he will go.

The farmer has to work very hard, and he gets very tired, so he has come to lean over the gate while he is smoking his pipe. What is he looking at? Oh, there are some geese. He is watching the geese. Do you see the geese? The geese are looking for something to eat. Do you know what kind of a noise geese make? They make n noise like this, S-s-s-s.

Do you know what geese are good for? We had a goose for dinner the other day. By-and-by, the farmer will kill his geese, and put them into his cart, and carry them off to sell. He will take off the feathers before he carries the geese to sell. Do you know what the feathers are good for? They are good to put into beds. You sleep on a bed. There are feathers in the bed that you sleep on.

Geese, what do you find on the ground there? You would like to find a pool of water to paddle about in, I suppose. Geese love to paddle about in the water.

THE GALLOPING HORSE.

HERE goes a galloping horse;—galloping, galloping, leaping and galloping, and a great many dogs running too.

Can you count the dogs? One, two, three, four, five dogs, reaching out their heads and lifting up their tails. How fast they run. Horseman, where are you going

so fast?
Horseman,
where are
you going
so fast?
He door

He does not tell.

He is lifting up his whip, high in the air. Has he got a cap or a



hat on his head? Has he got boots or shoes on his feet? What are his feet in? Do you remember the name of the things hanging down from the saddle for him to put his feet into? There is something about

it in one of the other stories.

The horse is leaping over a brook. Do you see the water in the brook? The water is running beautifully.

There is one very little thing I want you to see. It is upon the heel of the horseman's boot. It is a spur. It is to prick the horse with, to make him go faster. But horseman, horseman, you must not prick your horse with your sharp spur to make him go faster. He is going as fast as he can go, now.

There is a house at a distance behind the horse's head, and a garden, with a high fence around it. I wonder if

there are any boys and girls playing in that garden;—should you like to go in and see? Lam glad they are not playing out in the field, for perhaps this horse would run over them.

A LAMB.

HERE is a little girl trying to catch a lamb. Little girl, you frighten the lamb. See how he runs away from the little girl. The lamb

is running to find his mother. He will not be afraid

when he has found his mother.

Do you know what the lamb has upon his back? He has some curling wool upon his back. The wool keeps the little lamb warm. By-and-by, a man will come with a great pair of shears and cut off the wool from the lamb's back. He will put the wool in a basket. What will the man do with a basket full of wool? He will carry it into the house. The people of the house will make threads of the wool. They will make cloth then out of the threads. What

is cloth? Let me see you touch some cloth. Woollen cloth is made out of the wool that comes off the lamb's back.

There is a lamb lying down behind the little girl. Do you see the lamb lying down behind the little girl? Touch the lamb. Touch his ears. Touch his tail. Touch his eye. Will the lamb bite? No, the lamb will not bite. The lamb is gentle. How quiet the lamb lies. The lamb will always be quiet if you do not hurt him. Little girl you must not hurt the little lamb that is running away. You must feed the little lamb, and take care of him when he is sick.

THE SOLITARY BIRD.

Poor solitary bird!
She has nobody to play with. She has been flying about the fields trying to find some other birds to sing and play and fly with.
But she cannot. So she



has come and perched upon this old tree. Do you see the poor solitary bird perched upon this old tree? The branches look old and dead, and there are no other birds upon them. What shall this poor solitary bird do for

somebody to sing and play with?

There is a house at a distance in the picture among the trees. How many chimneys are there? I can see the smoke coming out of it. There must be a fire in the house, or else there would be no smoke coming out of the chimney. And I think there must be somebody there sitting by the fire, or else there would be no fire. But I do not think there are any birds in that house, so what shall this poor solitary bird do for somebody to sing and play with.

Do you see this bird's bill? Touch her bill. What do you think she doos with her bill? Why she picks

up little seeds and crumbs with her bill.

Has the little bird any hands? Look all around and see if she has any hands. Has she anything like hands? She has claws. Can you see her claws? How many claws? What does she do with her claws? Which should you rather have hands or claws?

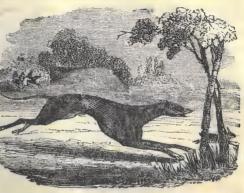
I should rather have claws if I was a bird, and hands

if I was a boy or girl.

The bird has little round eye in the side of her head. Touch her little round eye. I rather think she has another eye on the other side of her head.

59 THE DOG.

OH! see that great dog run. How fast he runs! How he springs along! What a good dog he is! How he opens! his mouth. Put your finger in his



mouth. Are you afraid to put your finger in his mouth? He cannot bite. Pictures cannot bite.

What is the dog running after? Do you see what he is trying to catch? Oh! I see what he is trying to catch. Do you see that little creature with his long ears turned back? What is that little creature with his long ears turned back?

It is a hare—a pretty little hare. He looks like a rabbit. I hope the dog will not catch him.

Here is a man coming round from behind the trees on a horse. And there is another man—that makes two men—and there is another man; that makes three men and one great dog, all running after one poor little hare. I hope they will not catch him. Run, little fellow, run.

Do you see the great rock behind the dog? There are some trees growing behind it. They are not very pretty trees, but I should like to go to walk with you to the top of the rock. Only we should have to be very careful and not fall down.

PIG, PIG, OLD PIG.

"PIG, pig, old pig, what are you doing?"
"I am sitting before the door of my house, taking care of my children."

"Why,



pig, pig, old pig, do you call that black hole your house? It seems to me, it is a droll sort of a house."

"Yes, it is my house, and it is a very good house too for me."

"But, pig, there are no windows in it."

"Well, I do not want any windows. It has a door for me to go in and out, and some good warm straw on the top to keep me warm in there."

"But, old grunter, do you call those little things your children? It seems to me that they are nothing but

pigs."

"Well, if they are pigs, they are my children."
"How many children have you got, Mrs. Pig?"

"I do not know. I cannot count. You must count them."

"Well, we will count them. One, two, three, four. There are four. What are there names, Mrs. Pig?"

"They have no names. I cannot talk to them; so

it would be of no use for them to have names."

"What do you do when you want them to come to you?"

"I grunt."

"And what do you do when you want them to go away?"

"Then I grunt too."

"What, always grunt? It seems to me you are a droll pig, to do nothing but grunt at your children. But good bye, Mrs. Pig, we must go and look at the next picture."

"Uh-Uh," says the pig.

Do you see that square thing before the pig? It is the trough. He drinks out of it. He puts his mouth down into it and drinks.

THE STEPPING STONES.

Four stones, and a little girl standing upon two of them. The girl is trying to go across the water on the stones so me not to wet her feet. She must be very careful not to wet her



feet, for it would trouble her mother to change her shoes

and stockings.

"How many dogs are there in this picture? Is the girl carrying the great dog or the little one? The great dog is not afraid of wetting his feet. He goes plunging through the water, looking up to the little girl to see whether she is carrying the little dog safely.

The little dog is looking down into the water. He is afraid the girl will drop him, and let him fall in. But I do not think the little girl will drop him, she will be

very careful.

Do you see the houses and the trees beyond the little girl? Do you think those buildings are houses? I do not; because there are no chimneys; and only one window, and people could not live very well in houses without windows and chimneys. I rather think they are mills, with great wheels in them, carried round and round by the water.

Good bye, little girl. I hope you and the little dog will get over the water safely. I should like to know where you are going when you get across.

THE DONKEY.

"My boy, why do you not get on your horse and ride?"

"This is not a horse."
"What

"What is it then?"

"It is a donkey."

"Well, then, why

do you not get on your donkey and ride?"

"I am going soon."

The boy is holding his whip in one hand, and taking hold of the bridle close to the donkey's head. He is trying to lead him along, but the donkey does not seem to want to go very much.

He is a fine, handsome donkey. "You had better jump on to his back, my boy." There is a fine saddle

on his back. What is that hanging down from the saddle?"

"Are you sure, my boy, that is not a horse?"

"Yes."

" Why ?"

"Because his ears are larger than a horse's ears, and his head and mouth are not shaped like a horse's head and mouth, and his tail is not like a horse's tail."

The boy has a cap on his head. It is not a flat topped cap, like that of the boy who was riding on the horse. We will turn back to that picture, and see.

This boy has a belt around his waist, fastened by a buckle. Can you see his waist, and his belt, and his buckle? "Come, my boy, jump up and ride."

THE OLD MAN ON THE ICE.

When it is winter, it is very cold. When it is summer, it is warm; but when it is winter, it is very, very cold. The water freezes in the winter, and turns to ice. There is water in the ground, and there is water in the air. There is water in the ponds and rivers. The water in the ponds and rivers freezes and turns into ice, which is hard, and smooth, and cold. When the ice is all over the ponds and rivers, we can walk upon them. The water that is floating about in the air, freezes into snow and falls down. It freezes into cold, white, beautiful snow. Then it falls down and covers the ground, and

the roads, and the houses. It covers the ice, too, which is upon the rivers and ponds.

Now look at this picture.

It is winter in this picture.

The cold, white, beautitiful snow has fallen down from the clouds, and covered the trees, and the houses, and



the ground. Do you not see how white the ground and the tops of the houses are? What makes them look so white?

The old man is walking on the ice of the pond. In the summer it is all water where he stands. Now it is winter, and the water is frozen, so that the pond is covered with ice. Now the old man can walk upon it. It is covered with snow. Do you see the old man's footsteps in the snow? Touch the old man's footsteps. See what a large track is made by his footsteps. Should you think that the old man's feet would be cold, walking on the cold snow? I think his feet are not very cold, for he has warm boots and stockings on.

He is carrying a long crooked stick in his hand.

"Old man, what are you going to do with that stick?"

"I am going to carry it across the pond."

"What are you going to carry it across the pond for?"

"I am going to carry it home to my house."

"But your house is behind you, old man; you are going away from your house."

"Oh, no; that is not my house behind me."

"Whose house is that?"

"That is another man's house."

"Well, where is your house, old man?"

"It is where I am going, across the pond."
"But we cannot see your house, old man."

"No, I know you cannot see it, for it is not in this picture."

"Have you got any children in your house, old man?"
"Yes, I have got two children, and I am carrying

home this stick to make a fire to warm them."

"What have you got on your back, old man?"

"That is my pack."

"What have you got in your pack?"

"I have got some bread and some meat for my two

"Where did you get your bread and your meat?"

"I got it in that house behind me, under the trees."
"Did the people give you your bread and your meat there?"

"Yes, they gave it to me."

We will let the old man go along, and we will look at the rest of the picture. I can see a beautiful little dog. Can you find him? Look all around and see if you can find him.

"What is he standing on?"

"A boat."

"Is the boat in the water?"

"No; it is frozen up in the ice."

In the summer, we might sail in that boat, but not now, for now it is winter, and the pond is covered with ice, and the boat is frozen up in the ice; the dog is

standing upon it looking towards the old man.

Do you see some round white tops of things by the side of the house? What are they? They are hay-stacks. Hay-stacks are great piles of hay for the horses to eat. They pile the hay up in great heaps, which are covered with thatch. They are called hay-stacks. These hay-stacks are now covered with snow, and that makes them look white.

THE SHEPHERD.

Do you know what sheep eat? They eat grass. A great many sheep and lambs go together into the fields and eat grass. They ramble about among the fields and trees, and by the side of the beautiful brooks and groves, and drink water and eat the green grass.

But sometimes there are wolves in the woods, and they run out and eatch the sheep. See, there is a man who goes out with the sheep to watch them and to take care of them. He has a dog with him, who will drive away the welve if they come. Sometimes the sheep run away, and then the shepherd has to go after them, and catch them and bring them back. and the dog had

What do you think he catches them with? Why he has a long pole with a hook on the end of it, and he

hooks the sheep with his pole.

Here is a picture of a shepherd and some sheep, and a dog, and the shepherd's crook. Can you see all these things?

Can you see the shepherd? Touch him.

Can you see the dog? Touch him.

Can you see the shepherd's crook? Touch it.

Can you see the sheep? Touch them.



How many sheep are there? There are two; one is holding his head down, eating the grass, and the other is holding his head up. The dog is looking up at the shepherd.

I can see a high bank behind the sheep, with a good many trees upon it. And I can see a mountain behind the shepherd. But I cannot see any wolves in this picture, coming after the sheep. Do you wish that they

had made some wolves in this picture?

Can you see any thing in this picture which I have not'described? I can. It is something under the trees. What is it? Do you think it is a man or a boy? I think it is a boy. It is the shepherd's boy. He is calling the shepherd. The shepherd does not hear him. He is calling him very loud. He says, "Father, fa—ther, dinner is ready: it is time for you to come home to dinner."

But the shepherd does not hear.

"You must call louder, or else you must come nearer,

my boy."

Once there was a little lamb walking along by a sheep. The sheep was the lamb's mother, and the lamb ought to have kept near her. Presently they came to a brook, and the lamb stopped to drink some of the water of the brook. It was a very beautiful brook, for there were green grass and flowers on the banks, and round pebbles and yellow sand on the shores, and little trees hung over it. The lamb stopped here to drink, while his mother went on, with the other sheep and lambs.

His mother did not know that the lamb had stopped. By-and-by, after the lamb had done drinking, he stopped to play a little on the beautiful green bank, among the flowers. He frisked and leaped about a little while, and then he laid down. Presently he began to feel sleepy.

He shut his eyes and gradually went to sleep.

In the mean time, that is, while the little lamb was sleeping, his mother went on, and after a while she found the lamb was not with her. Then she began to call the lamb. She said, Ba-a, ba-a. That is the way she tried to call the lamb. The shepherd heard her cry, Ba-a, ba-a; but he did not know that she had lost her lamb. There were so many little lambs, that he did not know that one was lost. So the sheep kept saying, Ba-a, ba-a; but the shepherd did not know what she wanted.

Do you think the lamb heard his mother say, Ba-a, ba-a? No, he did not, because he was asleep. Lambs cannot hear when they are asleep. But at last the lamb woke up, and it was almost night. The lamb looked round, and ran this way and that way, into the bushes, but he could not see his mother anywhere. So the lamb was very much frightened, and did not know what to do.

By-and-by, it became night, and it began to grow cold. It is generally cold in the night. The grass began to be wet and cold; and the poor little lamb did not know what he should do. At last, he heard a noise. It was something coming through the bushes. The lamb was frightened. He did not know but that it was a wolf.

Do you think it was a wolf? No, it was the shepherd. The lamb saw, in a minute or two, that it was the shepherd, who had come to look after him, and was going to carry him to his mother. The shepherd was glad to find him, and the lamb was glad to be found. They were both glad.

ANOTHER SHEPHERD.

Now T am going to shew vou another picture of a shepherd, and his crook, and his sheep, and his dog, and his boy. Can you find the shepherd in this



picture? Touch him.

Do you see his crook? Touch that.

Do you see his dog? Touch that.

Do you see see his little boy, sitting down by his

side? Touch the little boy.

This shepherd has got a great many sheep. Some of them are around him, very near; others are at a distance, in large flocks. I can see three large flocks.

Touch the nearest flock. Now touch the next flock. Now touch the farthest flock.

There are three trees on one side of this picture. Are they towards the right hand, or towards the left hand. There is one tree on the other side of this picture. Is that towards the right, or towards the left hand?

Under this tree on the right had are some tents. One, two, three, four. There are four tents. The shepherds live in tents sometimes. The tents are made of cloth, and when the sheep have eaten up all the grass in one place, the shepherds can take down their tents, and move to some other place. Tents are not very good places to live in. They are not so good as houses.

By the side of one of the tents are three women. Can you see them? One of them is standing up. The other two are sitting down upon the grass. Perhaps they will, by-and-by, go into the tents and get some dinner for the

shepherds.

Do you see the sheep lying down behind the shepherd? There are several. They are tired. They have

eaten grass enough, and so they have laid down to rest. I think they had better not run away, for if they do, the shepherd will run after them and hook his hook into them.

I see two sheep standing together in the corner of the picture, towards the right hand. They are eating grass. Perhaps they will be tired by-and-by, and then they will go to the shepherd and lie down.

A LARGE DOG.

THERE are a great many kinds of dogs in the world. There are little dogs and large dogs; and there are gentle dogs and fierce dogs. Some dogs love to swim in the water, and others are afraid of the water. Some dogs are very small and delicate; they live in a lady's parlor, and sleep almost all day on the carpet before the fire. Others are great and strong, and love to go out into the woods to hunt the bears and lions, and other wild beasts.

Once a little boy went out to take a walk. After he had walked a little way he saw a large dog drawing a cart, and there was a boy in the cart. The cart was small, and the boy was small, and so the dog could draw them.

He stopped and looked at them a little while, and wished that he had a dog that could draw a cart.

Then he went along a little farther, and found a boy standing by the side of a little pond, and a small dog with curly hair standing by the side of him. Presently the boy took up a little stick, and threw it into the water. Then the dog ran and jumped in, and went swimming along in the water, until he came to the stick, and then he took the stick in his mouth, and swam back to the shore. If you wish to see how the dog looked when he was in the water, you had better look among the pictures near the beginning of this book, and there you will find the picture of a dog swimming in the water to get out a little girl. You can turn over the leaves carefully, and see if you can find it.

When the dog had brought the stick to the shore, he laid it down at the feet of the boy. Then the other boy, who was taking a walk, said he wished he had a little dog

with curly hair, who could swim in the water.

Here is a picture of a large dog, not in the water. This is a Siberian dog. He is a Siberian dog: that

Siberian dog; that is, he is such a dog as lives in



Siberia. Siberia is a very cold place. That is Siberia where the dog is. Do you see the mountains, and the

trees, and the cold snow all over the ground?

The dog has a bushy tail, curled up, and he holds his tongue out of his mouth. He has sharp claws. Away behind him are some other Siberian dogs, drawing a sledge, with a Siberian man in it. He has a long stick in his hand. His dogs are drawing him over the snow.

THE MAN IN THE SNOW.

ONCE there was a man and he went out to walk over the cold snow. It was winter and it was very cold. The man was travelling from one town to another town, and he had to walk along, a great way, among the rocks,

trees, and mountains.

He walked along until at last he became very cold. The wind blew very hard, and more snow began to fall down out of the sky. The snow fell so fast that he could not see his way. His feet were very cold, and his hands were very cold, and by-and-by, he began to be very cold and numb all over. Presently he could not go any farther, and he sank down exhausted on the snow. Do you know what I mean by exhausted?

His hat blew off and his head fell down into the snow! and the snow which kept falling down from the sky lay all about, and partly covered him. Here he laid until

he was almost dead.

Not far from where he was, there was a large house where many people lived. They had a dog, a large black dog with a bushy tail and a white breast. And after the snow storms the people used to send out their dog to see if he could find any men lost in the snow. The dog came out this day as soon as the storm was over, and the people came out after him to help the men if he should find any in the snow. The dog ran along before them, and when he found this man lying in the snow, he stood over him and barked. He barked very loud. He wanted the men who were behind him to come quickly and help this poor traveller out of the snow. He could not lift him out himself, and so he barked for the other men to come.

Now I will shew you a picture of all this.

Do you see the dog? Do you see that he is black? Do you see his bushy tail and his white breast?



Do you not think he is handsome dog?

He has a collar round his neck, with a little bell attached to it, that is, fastened to it. Can you see the collar and the little bell?

Do you see the traveller's head lying on the snow? The poor man is almost dead. The dog is standing over him, and is barking very loud, for the other men to come. Do you see them coming? How many are coming?

Can you see any rocks? Touch them. Can you see the white snow on the rocks and on the ground? Shew me the white snow on the rocks and on the ground.

The men who are coming have got poles in their hands; and at a distance is the large house where the men live. I think that the men will lift up the poor traveller out of the snow, and carry him to their house and warm him, and give him some supper.

THE RAKE.

ONCE I wanted to have some green grass grow up in my yard. The reason why I wanted it to grow, was because I thought it would look prettier than the bare ground. There was nothing but bare ground in my yard, where I wanted the grass to grow.

The way to make the grass grow is to sow some grass seeds. Grass seeds are very small things, no bigger than the head of a pin. I went and bought some grass seeds, and brought them home, and scattered them overthe ground in my yard.

But the grass seeds ought not to be on the top of the ground; they ought to be a little under the ground, and then the grass will grow out of the grass seeds. So I went and got a rake with a long handle and sharp iron teeth, and I raked over the ground where the grass seeds were.

Here is a picture of my rake, with its long handle and sharp teeth.

The sharp teeth raked

up the ground a little, and covered up the seeds; and when I had raked over all the ground, the seeds were a little way under the ground. This was sowing the seeds. This is the way they always sow seeds. They put them into the ground, and cover them up a little. After I

had sown my grass seeds, I went into the house.

Two or three days after this, I came out and took a stick and pushed open the ground a little. I wanted to see how my seeds looked. Pretty soon I found some of my seeds. And how do you think they looked? Why, they looked just as they did before I sowed them, only I thought they were a little bigger. They had swelled by being under the ground. So I put them back into the ground, and covered them up, and went away again.

Two or three days after this, I came again to look at

my little seeds. And I took a little stick, and pushed open the ground, and found some of my seeds. And I found there was a little green thing coming out of all of them. The little green thing was a sprout. There was a little green sprout coming out of all my seeds. I thought that if I should leave my little seeds in the ground, these little sprouts would grow out farther and farther, and at last grow up out of the ground and become grass. So I covered up my seeds in the ground again, and went away.

A few days afterwards, I came again, and all the little green sprouts were coming up, all over my yard. They grew up higher and higher, until at last my yard was covered with beautiful grass. Then I was very glad that I sowed the grass seed in the ground, for the green grass was a great deal more beautiful than the bare ground.

THE MAN PLOUGHING.

Here is a pic-ture of a man ploughing.

Did you ever see a man ploughing? Do you know

what men plough for? I will tell you.

People sow other kinds of seeds as well as grass seeds. They sow great fields as well as small yards, and it would be a great deal of work to rake up a great field, so at to cover the seeds with the ground. Besides, all seeds are not small, like grass seeds. Some are very large, and have to be covered up in the ground quite deep. So they plough up the field to make the ground loose, so that they can easily cover up the seeds. A plough is very large, with a sharp point made of iron, which reaches down into the ground. Look at the picture, and see if you can see the sharp point reaching into the ground. Horses or oxen draw the plough along, with the sharp point sticking into the ground, and that ploughs up the ground and makes it loose, so that the men can easily cover up the seeds.

Are they horses or oxen in the picture, drawing the plough? How do you know that they are horses? There are two handles to a plough, which a man takes hold of, to make the plough go right. Can you see the two handles in the picture? Touch them. Is the man taking hold of the handles? If the man did not take hold of the handles, the sharp point of the plough would come up out of the ground, and the plough would slide along upon the top of the ground, and that would do no good; so the man holds the plough down into the ground by the handles, and makes it go right. Besides this, the man has to make the horses go right, so he has two long strings, going from his hands to the horses' mouths. These strings are called reins. Touch the reins.

Touch the reins where they are in the man's hands. Touch the reins where they go into the horses' mouths. If the man wants the horses to go this way, he pulls the rein that is on this side, and that pulls the horses' heads round this way, and that makes them go this way. And if he wants them to go the other way, he pulls the rein that is on the other side, and that pulls their heads the other way, and makes them go the other way. So, by the two reins, the man makes the horses go this way or the other way, just as pleases. He makes the horses go straight forward till he gets to the end of the field, and then he pulls the rein on this side, or else the rein on the other side, and makes them turn round. And then he goes ploughing along, back again, just by the side of where he came before, and so he goes ploughing along, from one end of the field to the other, until the field is all ploughed up. And then the seeds can be put in and covered up very easily. That is all I have to tell you about ploughing.

GOING UP HIGH.

HERE is a man up high on the mountains—the cold, icy mountains. Did you ever see the mountains? They are very high. Sometimes they reach up to the clouds. It is very hard to climb up to the tops of the mountains.

It is very cold, too, on the tops of the mountains. There is a great deal of ice and snow there. Do you

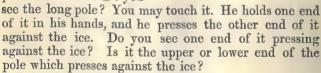
see the ice and snow on the top of the mountain in this picture?

This man has climbed up upon the mountains very high, and now he is afraid that he shall fall. He is standing on the slippery ice up very high.

Be very careful, Mr. Climber, or I am afraid

you will fall.

The man has a long pole in his hand. Do you



It is a beautiful pole. It is a long, slender pole. It is round and smooth. I do not know what the man would do without his long, slender pole. It helps him

to stand up. He leans against it.

The man has got something on his feet too, to prevent his slipping. Do you see any thing remarkable about his feet? He has some sharp points on the bottom of his shoes to prevent his slipping. The sharp iron points stick into the ice, and then his foot does not slip. Ice is hard, but iron is harder, and so the iron points can stick into the ice.

The man has a strange hat on his head. Do you know which is the crown of the hat? Do you know which is the brim of the hat? Is the crown of the man's hat

high or low? Is the brim broad or narrow?

The man has something across his back. It is fastened on by a strap. You can see the strap passing across his breast. I rather think the man is going down the mountain. He is tired of staying up there among the cold snow and ice. So he is coming down. You had better be very careful, Mr. Climber, or else you will fall.

GOING UP HIGHER.

HERE is a man going up higher than the tops of the mountains. Look all over this next picture, and see if you can see any man in it.

You can scarcely see him. He is very small. Do you see the great, round balloon sailing in the air. It looks small in the picture, but in reality it is very large. The



reason why it looks small is because it is a great way off. The balloon is very large. It is larger than this room.

It is very light. They make it very light on purpose, and then it rises and sails away through the air. Did you ever see a feather sailing through the air. The balloon

sails through the air like a feather.

The balloon is covered with net work, which is spread all over it. Do you see the strings hanging down from the lower part of the balloon? Touch the strings. Do you see something hanging down below the strings? That is the car. They always have a car hanging down below a balloon. The car is for the man to get into. There is a man in this car, though he is so small that you can scarcely see him. He is sailing away in his car high in the air.

All the trees, and grass, and houses, and fields are down below him on the ground, and he is sailing up high in the air. The wind blows him along. He looks down and sees all the trees, and grass, and houses, and fields, all far, far below him. He must be very careful not to fall out of his car. If he should fall out of his car, he would fall down, down, away down to the ground, and be killed. He must keep in his car and hold on tight; and, by-and-by, his balloon will come slowly and gently down to the ground, and then he can get out.

THE LARGE FLAT STONE.

This next picture is a large picture. It is a picture of two girls and a large flat stone. I will explain it to you. I will explain all the parts in order.

First, about the brook. There is a brook on one side

of the picture. Do you see the brook? Far off, under the trees, the water is smooth, but nearer to us it comes tumbling down between the rocks? Do you see where it comes tumbling down between the rocks? Touch the place. This is a little water-fall.

Next, about the flat stone. It is nearly in the middle of the picture. It is a square stone. It has four corners. One corner is towards us. You may

touch the corner that is towards us. Another corner is towards the water. You may touch the corner that is towards the water. One of the girls is sitting upon another of the corners and another corner is out be

another of the corners, and another corner is out behind the girl. That makes four corners. The stone is



smooth and flat on the tap, and it makes a good seat for

the girls to sit down upon.

Next, about the tree. It is a large tree. The top of it spreads all across the top of the picture. The boughs hang down gracefully. The trunk of it is large. Can you see the trunk? You may touch the trunk. There are some beautiful rose bushes growing around the trunk. There are some roses upon these rose bushes. Can you see them? How many are there?

Next, about the girls. There are two girls. One of them is sitting on the stone, and the other is standing up. The one who is standing up looks as if she was going away. She has a little basket in her hand, and she is trying to pull away the other girl's basket. That is wrong. She ought not to try to pull the other girl's

basket. I think they are going to school.

Next, about the basket. One of the girls is trying to pull away the basket from the other girl, and she has turned out all the things. Do you see the things all falling out to the ground? What are the things? I see an apple, and a pear, and a piece of bread. I am sorry that the girls are pulling the basket and spilling all the things.

Next, about the house. I see n house, a great way off, behind the girls. It is not a very large house. Perhaps it is the school-house where these girls are going to school. It has windows. There are three windows.

in the side and one window in the end.

STORIES.

Do you like stories? There are a great many beautiful stories in books. There are two ways to tell stories; one is for n person to tell them aloud with his voice, and the other is to write them in a book, and then the children who have learned to read can take the book and sit down and read them.

When children are very little they cannot understand talking. They have not learned to talk. They lie in the cradle or sit on the floor playing with their playthings, but they cannot talk nor understand other people's talking. So it does no good to tell them stories; they cannot understand them.

Soon, however, they learn to talk, and then we can tell them stories aloud, with our voice, and they will understand. But now perhaps they cannot understand books. They have learned to talk, but they have not learned to read. So they can understand the stories which they hear, but they cannot understand the beauful stories they find in books.

Soon, however, they learn to read. Their father and mother send them to school, and first they learn their letters, and then they learn their syllables, and thus at last they learn to read. Then they can read all the

beautiful stories in the books themselves.

On the next page is a picture of some children who have a great many story books. You can see them ar-

ranged carefully on the shelves. There are three shelves. Some of the books are shorter than the others and are inclined. Can you see the one which is inclined? Touch

it. The boy is going to take down one of the books. He has another in his other hand. His sister, who is sitting down upon a stool, has a book open upon her lap. I thing she has been reading one of the stories. There is another little child standing near who has a book in her hand.

What do you think that large round thing is? It is a globe. It is very round. It is

mounted upon a stand.

I can see a boy and girl walking off into the fields. There is a tree far beyond them and a mountain too.

I think it is better to be able to read stories out of books than merely to understand them when people tell them. Because sometimes people are busy and cannot tell you stories; but if you can read, you can take your story book any time and read the stories yourself. Besides, sometimes the books have pictures which you can look at. But it is very hard to learn to read. It takes children a long time to learn. They generally get tired and do not wish to learn; so their father, or mother, or

teacher have to make them learn. Then when they have learned, and can read in the beautiful picture books, they are very glad that their father, or mother, or teacher made them learn.

This picture makes me think of two things which I

advise all children to do.

First. Be always willing to learn, and try to learn as fast as you can. Second: be careful of all your books, to keep them neat and in good order. Do not you see how neat and orderly the children in this picture keep their books?

A DOG FOR A HORSE.

Do you know why men harness horses into their carriages, and chaises, and carts, and make them draw their carriages, and chaises, and carts?

It is because horses are large and strong, and can draw more than men. Children cannot harness horses, so

they sometimes harness dogsintotheir little carts.

Here is a picture of the dog Pompey harnessed in a little cart.

Do you see the dog Pompey? Touch him.

Do you see the cart? Touch it. How many wheels has it got? How many can you see.



There is one more wheel round behind the cart, so that you cannot see it.

How many legs has Pompey got?

Can you see the harness on Pompey? The strings that go round his neck, and then go from him to the cart, are the harness.

Do you see that part of the harness that goes round his neck? That is the collar. Touch Pompey's collar.

Do you see the string that goes from Pompey's collar to the cart? There is one on this side of Pompey, and another round on the other side of Pompey. These are the traces.

Pompey's harness consists of a collar and traces.

When horses are harnessed, they have a great deal more harness than this. They have a collar and traces and a good many other things besides. When you see a horse going by, you must look out and see if you can see his collar and his traces.

That is a little doll that is riding in the cart, and there are two children walking along by the side of Pompey.

Presently I will show you a picture of a goat for a horse, and you must see whether you can see his collar and his traces.

BUZZ, BUZZ, BUZZ.

On the next page is a woman spinning with a little spinning wheel. Can you see the spinning wheel?

The spinning wheel has legs. Count the legs.

How many legs can you see?

There is one leg more at the other end of the spinning wheel, but it is behind the woman's foot, so that you cannot see it.

Do you know what the spinning wheel is for? It is to make thread with.

Do you see the thread in the woman's hand?

The thread is made out of flax. The flax is put upon the top of the spinning wheel. Can you see the flax on the top of the spinning wheel? Touch the flax.

The woman makes the wheel go round very fast, and when it goes round



it says, buzz, buzz, buzz. And so she makes thread, while the wheel goes round, saying buzz, buzz, buzz.

Oh, here is a pussy in one corner of the picture sitting upon a three legged stool. Do you see the pussy? Do you see the three legged stool?

She seems to be sitting still, listening to hear the

wheel say, buzz, buzz, buzz.

A GOAT FOR A HORSE.

DID I tell you I was going to show you a picture of a

goat for a horse? What did I tell you to do, when you

should see this picture?

I told you to look for the collar and the traces on the goat. Can you see his collar? Touch it. Can you see one of his traces? Touch it.

His collar and his traces are his harness. Has

the goat got any other harness on besides the collar and traces?

and traces

There is n piece of harness coming over his back. That is the saddle. Horses have a saddle on when they are harnessed.

The goat has two horns, and the boy has got a whip to whip him with. You must not whip him hard, little boy, because he is walking along very well now. He is putting his feet out to walk along.

"Little boy, where did you get your cart?"

"My father gave it to me."

"Where did your father get that cart?"
"I do not know where he got this cart."

"Little boy, what did your father give you that cart and that goat for?"

"So that I might take my sister and the baby out

to ride."

"Is that your sister in the cart, little boy?"

"Yes, that is my sister."

"And is that the baby at the other end of the cart, little boy, next the goat?"

"Yes, that is the baby."

"And are you taking them out to ride?"
"Yes, I am taking them out to ride."

"Well, little boy, I think you had better drive the cart along very carefully, so as not to tip it over, and hurt your sister and the baby. So walk along, Mr. Goat, walk along."

ANIMALS.

ONCE I asked n boy whether there was any difference between n bird and a horse.

And he said, "Yes."

Do you think there is any difference between n bird

and a horse? What difference?

I asked this boy what difference there was, and he said, "A horse has got a tail, and a bird has not got any tail."

In this he was mistaken, for a bird has a tail, though

it is very different from that of a horse.

Then I asked him what other difference there was between a bird and horse, and he said that "a bird has not such long legs as a horse."

In this he was partly mistaken, for some birds have

as long legs as a horse.

Then I asked him what other difference there was, and he said that "a bird had not got so large a face as a horse."

This is true generally, though some birds have a long

bill, as long as a horse's head.

Then I asked 'him what other difference there was, and he said "there are little things sticking out—the bird has,—to his foot."

This is true. Here is a picture of a bird.

Do you see the little things sticking out of his feet? How many are there? They are his claws. A horse never has claws. A

bird always has claws.

The reason why a horse does not have claws, is because he does not want them to walk along on the smooth ground. The reason why a bird has claws, is because

she wants them to cling to the branches of the trees with. Do you not see this bird clinging to the branch of the tree with her claws?

Look now at this bird and see if she has got anything

else which a horse has not.

Wings—a horse has not got wings. The reason why a horse does not want wings, is because he does not want to fly, for the grass he eats is on the ground, and the stable where he sleeps is on the ground. Therefore he never wants to fly into the air. But a bird wants to fly up to the tops of the trees to her nest.

Look at the picture of this bird, and see if she has

any other thing that a horse has not.

Feathers and a bill.

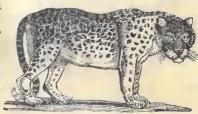
How many legs has this bird? How many legs has a horse.

BEASTS.

THERE are three kinds of animals, which I am now going to tell you about. Beasts, birds, and fishes.

First, I will shew you a picture of a beast.

This beast has four legs. He is sometimes called a quadruped. Animals that have four legs are called quadrupeds.

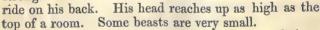


Is a dog a quadruped? Is a goose a quadruped? Is a cow a quadruped? This beast has a spotted skin, and a long tail; but some beasts are very different from this.

Here is a picture of another beast.

This is a camel. How many legs has he got? Is his skin spotted like that of the other heast? Is his back straight and smooth?

The camel is very large and strong. Men



Here is a picture of a Guinea pig—a little Guinea

pig-black and white-creeping along the ground.

He has four legs, though he is squatting down so that you cannot see them very

well. You can see three of them, and the other is hid

round behind him.



Once I had two Guinea pigs, and they went creeping round on the floor, one after the other.

One's name was Creep, and the other's name was Browney. They lived in a box in one corner of the room, and were very good little Guinea pigs. Thus you see there are a great many different kinds of beasts.

Here is another strange looking animal. It is called an Armadillo.

He has a great shell on

his back. He digs u hole in the ground, and lives in his hole. Has this armadillo got any ears? Look and see whether the other beasts I have shewn you have got any Has the armadillo got any claws? Has a horse any claws? Has a bird any claws? What are the bird's claws for? What do you think the armadillo's claws are for? They are to dig his hole with in the ground.

Here is one more animal I will shew you, and then tell you about the birds. It is a Zebra, -a great gal-

loping Zebra,—a great striped, galloping Zebra.



BIRDS' NESTS.

I HAVE already told you something about birds; do you recollect what it was?

How many legs have birds? What do they have

which quadrupeds have not?

Birds build nests. Small birds build their nests in the bushes, and upon the ground among the grass. Large birds build their nests high upon the lofty trees; or among the rocks upon the tops of the mountains; or in the sand upon the sea shore, by the side of the water.

Birds' nests are round and hollow like a bowl; only they are not smooth like a bowl, for they are made of sticks and straw. The birds live in their nests, and there they keep their eggs and little birds until they are old enough to fly away.

I will tell you a story about a bird's nest.

One day I took a walk out in my garden with my little boy, and as we were walking along, a little yellow bird flew out of the bushes, and lighted on the fence. They were currant bushes. I looked among the currant bushes, where the bird flew from, and what do you think I saw? Why I saw a beautiful little nest, with five eggs in it. The nest was fastened in the branches of the currant bushes. I lifted up my little boy, so that he could see the nest, and all the little speckled eggs in it. They were smooth, round, speckled eggs. There were five of them. One, two, three, four, five. As many eggs as the fingers and thumb on one of your hands. If you hold up the fingers and thumb of one of your hands, and look at them, you will know how many eggs there were in this little yellow bird's nest.

There were little birds in the eggs. Every egg had a little yellow bird in it, though they were not big enough to come out. The great bird sat upon them, and spread her wings over them, so as to keep them warm, until the little birds should be big enough and strong enough to come out.

Here is a picture of a bird and a nest.

Do you see the nest? Do you see the eggs in it? How many eggs are there? Do you see the sticks and the straw that the nest is made of? Is that nest in the bushes or on the top of a tree? It is on the top of a great tree. You can see the fields, and the trees, and the houses, far below on the ground.



This bird has built her nest on the top of great tree, so that nobody can reach it to take away the eggs. She is standing upon the top of the tree. Do you see her claws? She is going away from her nest. I think she is hungry. She is going to get something to eat, and then she will come back and stay upon her nest and keep her eggs warm, and the little birds that are in them warm, until they are big enough to come out and fly.

Now I will tell you more about the yellow bird's nest. After I had shewn my boy the little birds, I led him away into the house, and I told him that he must not go to that nest unless I went with him, for if he did he would frighten away the yellow bird, and there would be nobody to take care of the eggs and the little birds. A few days after, I took my boy, and went to look at the nest again. The yellow bird flew away when we came near. We were sorry we had frightened her away. We looked into the nest and saw that the five eggs were there, but one of the five eggs had a little hole in it, and we saw something moving in there. It was the little bird's bill. We thought that very soon the little birds would come out of the eggs. Then we went away. A few days after, we came back again and looked in the nest, and now we saw three little birds lying in the bottom of the nest, and two eggs. The birds were funny looking little birds. They had no feathers, and they were very weak, so that they could not stand. They kept opening their mouths for something to eat.

The yellow bird that built the nest was their mother.

She had gone away to get them something to eat.

A few days afterwards, we came again, and the birds had come out of all the eggs. Then there were five little birds lying on the bottom of the nest, opening their mouths for something to eat. Their mother kept bringing them something to eat every day, until at last they grew big enough to fly away.

Soon after this the winter came, and the birds all flew away to a country where it was warmer, and the bushes, and the nest, and the ground all over my

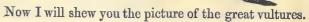
garden, were covered with snow.

THE GREAT VULTURES AND THE LITTLE HUMMING-BIRD.

THERE are a great many different kinds of birds. I

am going to show you a picture of the great vultures and the little humming-bird.

First I will shew you ay picture of the little humming-bird. Here he is.





they spread out further than you can reach your hands. The wings of these vultures are shut up. Do you see the great wings? You may touch the great wings.

One of the vultures is standing on a log and another is standing on a rock. The third is behind the one which is standing on a log, and so we cannot see what

he is upon. The vultures grasp the log or the rock which they stand upon with their sharp strong claws.

Do you see their sharp strong claws?

The vultures do not eat bread, or corn, or little seeds like the Robin. No; they eat the flesh of dead animals. They live far off among the mountains and rocks, where there are no men and no houses. They fly high in the air. When they are thirsty, they fly down, down, down, till they come to some little brook running through the forest, and they stand upon the bank of the brook and drink. When they are hungry they fly around and around, till they find some dead animals lying on the ground; and then they come down upon it, and tear it to pieces with their sharp claws and their hooked bill. Do you see their hooked bills in the picture? You may touch them.

This is the end of little Rollo's Picture Book. Who do you think little Rollo is? I will tell you all about him in my next book.

HODSON, JUN., TYP., 17, CLEMENT'S LANE, STRAND, LONDON.

